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POEMS.

BY

WILLIAM MOLYNEUX.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY HUNT AND SON,

6, NEW CHURCH STREET, EDGWARE ROAD:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

Oxford.—SLATTER, High Street. Abingdon.—PAYNE, High Street,

1853.

LONDON :

HUNT AND SON, PRINTERS, NEW CHURCH STREET,

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TO MY PARENTS.

By dedicating this, my first work to you, I fulfil a duty which it behoves every author to remember. A dedication is, or ought to be, a mark of respect, esteem, or love; to whom are these blended sentiments due,—to whom are they more acceptable,—and in whom is disinterested friendship more conspicuous, than our Parents? Feeling confident in your warm attachment, and that you will appreciate this acknowledgement of my affection; I am my dear parents, in the fervent hope that you may be ever as my prayers implore,

Your dutiful and grateful son,

WILLIAM MOLYNEUX.

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P R E F A C E.

The volume of Poems now for the first time introduced to public notice, though of a miscellaneous description will be found to possess characteristics of no ordinary individual interest; the subjects being calculated alike to suit those of humorous, romantic, and serious dispositions; and the many incidents forming faithful delineations of real life and character founded on the author's personal observation and experience. To his distinguished, and numerous subscribers, the Author begs to offer his sincere thanks for their kindness and condescension, and trusts they will not criticise too severely this, his first attempt in the difficult, yet pleasing paths of literature.

10, *Cambridge Terrace, Grove Road,*

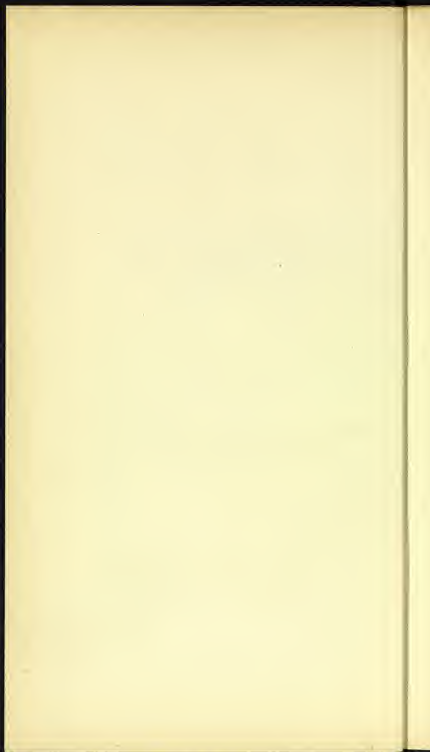
Southsea, Hants,

October, 1853.

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SKETCHES
OF THE
ISLE OF WIGHT.

—000—

Calm, lovely spot by zephyrs blest,
Surrounded by the restless sea,
How many once by grief opprest
Owe health, and happiness to thee:
How many spirits crushed and worn,
In battling thro' life's stormy way,
Whilst wandering 'mid thy charms were borne
Back to the joy of childhood's day;

When leaning o'er the vessel's side,
 Receding from thy verdant shore,
 And steaming swiftly o'er the tide
 To join the busy world once more—
 To thee their eyes have wistful turned,
 Their freshened feelings fondly yearned,—
 In thought revisited each dell
 And mutely gazed a sad farewell!
 Scenes such as these may well inspire
 The artist's zeal, the poet's lyre—
 The rock where verdure clothes the steep,—
 The glen through which the waters creep,
 Murm'ring beneath the blended shade
 Of flowers, and trees that scarcely fade;—
 Till trickling like a silver stream
 Through broken rocks, and shingle bright,
 The sea receives their broken dream,
 Like whispers from the land of light.

Island of sweets! that court the sun,
 Second in sylvan charms to none;

Where nature smiles amid her pride,
 And blushing streams embrace the tide;
 Where fleets that sweep o'er every sea,
 Unfurl the flag of liberty;¹
 And where at anchor time-marked foes
 Reveal their broadsides in repose;
 Where yachts their graceful forms display,
 Skimming o'er waves of dashing spray,
 As sea-gulls chasing in the light,—
 An ever-varying pleasant sight.
 Where giant steamers stem the tide,
 And o'er the world with riches glide,
 Forming a chain between the lands,
 Of snow-clad Europe; and those bands,
 Who far beyond the tropic sun,
 Enjoy the gold their toil has won.

No tourist's guide* my pen will trace,
 I leave it to a sterner race;

*I must refer my readers, to the various "guides to the Isle of Wight," for a *more extended* description of its beauties—W. M.

I please my fancy while I sketch,
 Those scenes the mind alone can etch;
 The island charms before you lie, —
 Go, revel in their purity.

I've stood on Ashey's foot-worn hill,
 And sighed to see old Brading still;²
 And, as a worn out borough, spread
 Its long thin arm towards the dead—
 Those whom Leigh Richmond clothed so bright,
 In nature's sweet and holy light.³
 I've marked the church that bears its name,
 No older church the isle can claim;
 And mused on those that sternly lie,
 There in the pride of effigy;⁴
 Gazing, and musing have I stood,
 In wonder o'er those men of blood—
 But nothing from the past could tell,
 How dying—had they lived as well.
 Leave not old Ashey's landmark yet,
 There is a hill where foes have met;

There is a coppice, and a stream,
 Whose channel blood-stones darkly teem;—⁵
 Look on it well; but choose the eve,
 Softened as twilight, ere you weave
 It's scene around your wandering eye,
 And weed from the past its mystery.
 'Tis not alone this scene of blood,
 Saddens the face where last you stood;
 St. Helen's with its buttress church,⁶
 A ruined tower, rewards the search:
 The bay on which it lonely stands,
 Once spread out cultivated lands;
 And where now vessels stem the flood,
 The islanders in peace have stood.

Walk slowly Culver's⁷ chalky height,
 And watch the less'ning sea-fowls flight,
 Above the ever rolling wave,
 That leaping high the white rocks lave;
 The channel's spread beneath thy feet
 Why creeps thy heart at every beat;

Stand back! the dizzy brain is weak—
 Why then such grand allurements seek.

Shanklin!⁸ the picturesque and sweet,
 Thy leaping Chine enslaves the feet;
 Thy cooling shades by lovers sought,
 In memory e'er retain a thought;
 What! if no legend wake its thrill,
 Thy scenes are just as lovely, still.
 But leave it not, till starts thy name
 With those the rock allures to fame;
 'Tis doubtless pleasure now to trace,
 What years might witness in disgrace.

Gliding, and gliding to the sea,
 The Undercliffe⁹ seems e'er to be
 Grand in repose, and rich in dread,
 The earth waves upward swelling spread;
 Deep in their gulphs, the green trees lie,
 While flowers creep round them tremblingly:

And beetling rocks hang stern and black,
 Above the streamlets gurgling track:
 Go there and calmly muse apart,
 Perchance 'twill melt and raise thy heart.

Who ne'er exclaim aloud their joy
 As Bonchurch¹⁰ opens to the view;
 Its silver lake the spirits buoy
 When budding groves oppose their hue.
 It is the postern of the town,
 That on its craggy platforms frown;
 Ventnor!¹¹ of sad Madeira fame,
 Home of the early drooping frame,
 Home of the widow and her son,
 Who lingers though his race is run :
 Cottage and cliff, his sunk eye sees,—
 Scattering his wild hopes on the breeze;
 While sinking 'neath the flattering sea
 The red sun paints his destiny!
 Sadly and slow the husky voice
 Speaks of thy beauties and thy choice,

As winding 'long the rocky shore,
The hill-wrapt town is seen no more.

I've knelt behind the altar rail
That heads St. Lawrence dwarfish aisle;¹²
I've knelt, no matter why, or when,—
'Twas not to please the sight of men.
And tears perhaps have dimmed my cheek,
As 'mong the graves my eye would seek
A simple mound, that tells how death
Can ever stop young friendship's breath.
There is a mournful pleasure,—fraught
With lessons to a man of thought,
In lingering sadly by the stone
Of one whose life linked with our own,
Some cherished feeling's tender tone;—
Hallowing the spot in which he lies
Refreshing e'er our memories;
And though we ne'er regain the trace,
Life trails its shadow o'er our face.

Where blackened rocks invade the sea,
 The Sand-rock lights¹³ their dangers free:
 But not till o'er the weeping shore,
 The murderous waves their vengeance bore.
 Why does stern Blackgang¹⁴ ever weep
 A stream of sorrow to the deep ;
 Can e'er that bold intrepid foe
 League firm with hypoeritie woe ;
 Does she the mariner delight
 With land, his own—long dreamt of sight ;
 And tempt him to her treach'rous feet,
 Till hidden snares forbear retreat ;
 Then starting from its slumbering wrath,
 The mighty sea o'erwhelm his path ;
 And shrieks, that on the tempest ride
 Madden to mirth their death-marked pride ?
 Such might have been—but never more
 The mariner will hug the shore :
 The warning light o'er miles of foam
 Smiling reveals his wave-bound home ;
 And may it ever smile, the art
 To throb and guide his storm-bruised heart.

The sea-gull hides its grayish form
 On rocks that meet the rolling storm ;
 The eager puffin whirls around
 The shelving crags, where geese abound :
 Torn from their home, the Needles¹⁵ stand
 Lonely in power, low-arched and grand ;
 Key of the Solent, and the bay
 Of rainbow hues,¹⁶ where dolphins play.
 Why seeks the eye the neighb'ring shore,—
 Why o'er the heart resentment pour,—
 Why look on ghost-like, frowning Hurst,¹⁷
 Till patience from her sweetness burst ;
 Why need more strength to guard a king,—
 When waves o'er all can bondage fling.
 Go pace the winding brushwood way,—
 Deep in the lonely forest stray ;¹⁸
 Perchance a stone may wound the foot,
 Half hidden by some delving root :
 Look on its surface, black with fire,—
 Chisel has wrought those fading lines ;—
 Why crush with unrelenting ire
 The simple flower that round it twines !

Where now the air is choked with wood,
 Both Saxon homes and churches stood :
 And o'er their sweetest, richest scene
 Too long a forest's gloom has been.
 Why ? Ask not,—heed not,—vengeance fell,
 And Saxons heard the Normans knell !

Stand on the highest ruined tower
 Of Carisbrooke,¹⁹ and scan its power :
 Dream of the Roman, and the Dane,
 The Saxon, and the native Thane :
 Gird on the Normans pond'rous sword,
 And meet the Gauls low treacherous horde :
 Fire the beacon, Spain is wreck'd
 Triumph !—seldom long 'tis kept.
 Who comes guarded, who is lone,
 King and prisoner,—Stuart's throne !
 Drop a tear, and let it rust
 Bars, that freedom vainly trust :
 Sigh o'er friendships loyal death,
 Curse not ! spirits catch thy breath.

Dark'ning clouds rise upward now,
 Racking thoughts flit o'er the brow ;
 Lave it with the waters bright,²⁰
 Sparkling deep from human sight :
 Walk across the ruined court,—
 Join the archers in their sport ;
 But the bow is weakened now,
 Archery is but a show :
 Smooth the velvet grass is worn,
 High the mound that greets the morn.
 Why sail-less yet, Medina's stream,
 When Roman galleys freely bore
 The legions of a by-gone dream
 Of glory, up thy waveless shore ?
 Are modern minds then not so great
 As ancient, to avert a fate ?

Dark'ning Newport clouds the eye,
 Rich in steel* and loyalty :

* Newport is a garrison town, and a great dépôt for recruits.

Thus let her rest, each verdant field
 Around much sweeter beauties yield;
 Stretching away from sea to sea,
 O'er undulating hill and lea,
 Lovely and calm the tempting sight
 Of nature sleeping in her might :
 My heart breathe soft one ling'ring sigh
 'Ere night unveils the worlds on high!

O'er Osborne's towers²¹ a standard waves,

Heavy with glory, and with power ;
 Bless it ye liberated slaves,

It sheltered you in darkest hour :
 Where waves it not? search everywhere,
 And who its folds to scorn will dare !
 Does Osborne glitter in the sun—
 A castle which the low-born shun ?
 Breathe on the air the faintest praise,
 And grateful crowds the tone will raise.
 Queenless, the monarch might uphold
 Her sway o'er hearts, by empires told ;

And gather prayers from pole to pole,
Pure as the snows that o'er them roll.

When moonlight trees in shadows spread,
And night winds cool the throbbing head ;
Stand by the brook that whimples by
Old Quarr's low-arched Refectory ;²²
Fear not ! the ghosts your eye may see
Are those which haunt but memory.
There calm as moonlight, ruins lay
Once grand in stern monastic sway ;
Fleeting, and fleeting 'neath the brand
In time, and mortals unchecked hand ;
Visited, sighed o'er, sketched, bereft
Of every beauty age had left.
There is no table spread there now,
But herbage for the dainty cow ;
There are no Monks with bead and cowl
To converse with,—but prying owl :
No ruby wine to cheer the heart,
Or jest, the smiling lips to part;

Nor crackling fire, heaped high with wood
 To warm the prickling frost-tinged blood ;
 No songs high jolly chorus' roar,
 But moaning waves creep o'er the shore,
 And strike the ear with mournful swell,
 As over woods the pealing knell !
 Such is, such was, and what will be,—
 Look pitying round—its destiny.
 Poor Quarr ! the fallen and the great,
 Rude Ninham mourns with me thy fate;
 Raise from thy dust some voice to say,
 Who built thy subterraneous way :
 Did Ninham lend a helping hand,
 To bore a mile of yielding sand ;
 Or did some critic dream one night,
 What years have failed to bring to light ?
 What, silent ! then the truth is lost
 And doubt must doubtless claim her post.

Shall Binstead sleep, unsung and lone,
 When Thor adorns its ravished stone ?²³

Forbid it gods ! though in the earth
 He mouldered to a second birth.
 Honoured by mortals in the first,—
 'Till time and change his powers burst,
 Years rose at length a silent slave,
 To guard a pathway to the grave !
 What ! though 'tis Binstead now no more,
 When Monks mused on its tree-clothed shore,
 The stream is there as pure and bright,
 And hill and vale yet charm the sight,—
 And softened twilight weaves a bliss,
 Modern at least in happiness.

Ryde murmurs on a bending hill,²⁴
 Scattered and pleasant from the sea :
 Crowd follows crowd, but rarely fill
 This lounge for aristocracy.
 Villa on villa throws its shade,—
 Cottage on cottage grounds invade:
 Houses, that mourned diminished sight,
 Rise o'er the trees their prouder height ;

While streets their widened lengths expose
 Clean in the sun that o'er them glows.
 Ryde ! where the happy recreate,
 And pleasure smiles upon the great ;
 But where some hearts beat sadly low
 Anticipating certain woe.
 "Toll for the brave!" a poet said,
 When o'er their graves the deep sea spread,
 "Toll for the brave!" but where are they
 That 'neath the Duver's sandbanks lay !*
 Old men could name each honored spot
 And tell what memory ne'er forgot,
 But now, the eye seeks there in vain,—
 Stone walls have hidden but the name.
 And shall the name for ever go,
 Its only monument of woe?
 If patriotic hearts are lost,
 And honor reckoned by its cost ;
 Search in the earth,—collect their dust,—
 The sea will consecrate the trust.

* See note 1, on Spithead.

Where Appley²⁵ looks upon St. Clair,—
 St. Clair* the beautiful and rare,
 Beneath a rock with brushwood strewn
 The entrance to a cave was shewn;
 Where men of hardihood, and brave,
 Scorning both revenue and wave,
 Concealed the “keg” and costly lace,
 And what the arrow ne’er could trace;
 ’Till contraband the island rose,
 Leagued to outwit their common foes.
 There is a warning for the young,
 There is a lesson for the old,
 O’er Appley’s early history flung,—
 Stand on the spot and heard it told:
 I tell it not,—a wiser head
 Has o’er the scene a moral spread.

I walk the breezy stretching pier,
 And with farewell,—there springs a tear,

* St. Clair the seat of Col. F. V. Harcourt, M.P., for the Isle of Wight.

That o'er my broken memory flings
The sombre hue of withered things !
For thoughts that led to cherished dreams,
Wake cold to life,—disjointed themes.
No matter now—farewell ! young Ryde ;
The steamer breasts the flowing tide ;
The closing mists of evening rest
On waters, town, and verdant crest ;
Sleep in thy peace, thou emerald Wight,
The heart that loves thee, sighs good-night !



NOTES.

¹ "Where fleets that sweep o'er every sea
Unfurl the flag of liberty;"

Spithead, the rendezvous of the British Navy. It is a very beautiful spectacle, to see sleeping calmly on the bosom of the silver-like sea, the "Wooden Walls of Old England:" with their white sails hanging listlessly—and the broad pendant resting on their folds;—and the brave old flag drooping in the sun,—the personification of greatness sleeping in peace. While foreign men-of-war repose by their anchors as securely, and good-naturedly (and perhaps more so) as in their own harbours, and under their own ramparts. Yachts, those beautiful marine toys for landmen, skim plentifully,—as well as enormous steamers, the Merchant Navy of the world, over the waters unfortunately rendered so celebrated, among other incidents, by the sinking of the Royal George in 1782. This circumstance wafts its sadness to the Duver at Ryde,—noticed at the end of this work—where so many of the dead bodies are buried. Should not some memorial be erected on the spot—no matter how simple, so that it is *a memorial*,—to the memory of the many brave men who perished so suddenly and ingloriously, and whose last resting place is now so mercilessly invaded by the genus of speculation?

² "I've stood on Ashey's foot-worn hill
And sighed to see old Brading still,"

Brading, or as it is called in old grants, *THE KYNGS TOWNE OF BRADING*, situated about four miles from Ryde on the Ventnor Road, is a very old borough; one of the most ancient in the island. It was at one time much more extensive than at present. The hand of improvement busy everywhere else in the island, seems to have deserted Brading, as will be seen by its one long street and poor appearance. *Ashley Down*, a high but sloping hill overlooks the town, and is surmounted by a landmark of great utility to vessels off St. Helen's Roads.

³ "Those whom Leigh Richmond clothed so bright, &c."

See "*Leigh Richmond's Annals of the Poor.*" "*Little Jane*" one of his heroines lies buried in Brading Church Yard, where a stone is erected to her memory.

⁴ "There in the pride of effigy."

Brading Church is without doubt one of the oldest entire sacred edifices in the island. The effigies spoken of are fully detailed in the many works on the Isle of Wight.

⁵ "Whose channel blood-stones darkly teem."

The legend which renders the "blood-stone coppice" so interesting is, like many others of a similar nature, very obscure. All that is related worth the least notice is, that when the Danes in their usual mode of warfare made a descent upon the island, the native Saxons, encountered them at this spot; and the battle raged so fierce and bloody, that the stream literally ran with the gore of the slain; which impregnated the stones forming that part of the Channel so indelibly, that time has failed in restoring their original colour. The cause, however, is doubtless of a chemical nature.

⁶ "St. Helen's with its buttress church."

St. Helen's is situated at the mouth of Brading harbour;—the

church, of which but a tower remains, supported by buttresses, serves as a guide to the harbour. The Bay has been reclaimed from the sea several times, and cultivated to very good advantage; but engineering not being so ably practised then as now, during a storm the causeway was undermined, and the sea swept unimpeded over its original acres,—it has not been attempted since. The last time it was reclaimed, was during the reign of King James the First.

7 “—— Culver’s chalky height.”

Is a very celebrated rock not far from Bembridge. The magnificent view from the height passes conception. It is likewise a fruitful field for the geologist.

8 “Shanklin! the picturesque and sweet.”

A beautiful place on the high road to Ventnor. Its Chine is much admired by the thousands that visit it, many of whom carve their names on a rock by the fall, as a memento, no doubt, of an extraordinary occurrence.

9 “The Undercliff——”

To be admired, must be seen, and seen admired.

10 “Bonchurch——”

The scene of the christian labours of the Rev. — Adams, who lies buried there.

11 “Ventnor! of sad Madeira fame.”

The air of Ventnor is very salubrious. It is called the “Madeira of England,” why, need not be told. The first time I saw it was in the month of May, and the many flowers interspersed among the cavities of the rocks, literally perfumed the air, at the same time charming

the eye with their varied colours and peculiar situation. No one can leave it without a pang; for its beautiful scenery, thrown open like a bay to the sea, combines the grand, with the gentler touches of nature, in its romantic sweetness.

¹² "That heads St. Lawrence' dwarfish aisle."

St. Lawrence was the smallest church in England, if not in the world, capable of containing at one time, with the minister and clerk, only 18 persons. It is now enlarged, but still very small for a parish church.

¹³ "Sand-rock light——"

This very desirable edifice has not been erected many years. I believe it was caused in consequence of the most fearful shipwreck of an homeward-bound Indiaman on the spot.

¹⁴ "Why does stern Blackgang ever weep."

Blackgang is a very wild and abrupt range of rocks, down the face of which the Chine is ever streaming. During heavy storms the force of the waves here is fearful to behold. The "Rock light," however, fortunately proves of great service to the poor mariner.

¹⁵ "—— The Needles."

Running out from the extremity of this part of the island, have something peculiar and striking in their loneliness. They are at times covered with a great variety of sea fowl.

¹⁶ "—— The Bay."

Alum Bay is certainly one of the wonders of the island. The rocks being stratified with sand of almost every hue, have a dazzling effect when the sun shines upon them; which relieves the downs in the back ground to great advantage.

¹⁷ "——— Frowning Hurst."

The unfortunate king Charles the First was confined here previous to his last journey to London.

¹⁸ "Deep in the lonely forest stray."

The New Forest seen from here, is a beautiful specimen of English forest scenery. The history of the New Forest is too well known to render it necessary in me to notice it further.

¹⁹ "Stand on the highest ruined tower
Of Carisbrooke——"

Carisbrooke was at one time the stronghold of the island; its history is very interesting, and the incidents I have abruptly sketched come over the memory of their reader vividly enough, when standing on the vestiges of the old "Keep." A work recently published, together with a very elaborate lecture on the early and subsequent periods of its greatness and declining power, possesses strong claims on the imagination of those who take an interest in the fortunes and misfortunes of their ancestors.

²⁰ "Lave it with the waters bright,"

The well in the Castle is 300 feet deep, cut through the solid rock; and the water, very cool and sparkling, is drawn up in a bucket by means of a certain quadruped turning a large wheel.

²¹ "O'er Osborne's towers——"

Osborne, commanding a most extensive and delightful view, is the marine residence of Her Majesty; where

Leaving behind the cares of state,
She lives retired, tho' just as great.

“ Old Quarr’s low-arched Refectory.”

This old ruin is celebrated more because it is of a monastic character, than anything else I am aware of. Its leading history is easily ascertained. The legend referred to further on, respecting a subterraneous passage from Quarr to Ninham, is perhaps a fallacious one. The entrance to the supposed passage is, I believe, now filled up.

“ Shall Binstead sleep unsung and lone,
When Thor adorns its ravished stone.”

As far as can be ascertained, this figure is a representation of the god Thor, which proves Binstead to be of Saxon origin. The building pulled down in 1842 was, no doubt, erected on the foundation of a Saxon edifice, and the figure then buried in the walls in proof of the Norman builders horror of Saxon idolatry. It remained there till the above date, when it was discovered; and is now used as a key stone to the gateway leading to the churchyard. It is a rude carving of a human form, sitting on the head of a bull.

“ Ryde murmurs on a bending hill.”

Ryde, the rising and doubtless flourishing attraction to the island, is as well known for its clean and healthy aspect, as for its numerous and polite visitors. Its history is remembered by many; and the only remarkable fact connected with it is, that from a few mud huts designated “Ride,” the course of about half a century should raise a beautiful town, the admiration and habitation of thousands, and the cradle of royalty itself.

“ Where Appley looks upon St. Clair.”

Appley was at one time in the possession of a notorious smuggler named Boyce, who had several emissaries, not only in the island but on the opposite coast; in connexion with whom he carried on the

illicit traffic, secreting and often landing his cargoes in the cave mentioned, while a subterraneous passage from his house gave him access to it at all times. Its trace is not easily discovered now, the sea having much encroached before the present sea wall was erected.



AN ALLEGORY.—IN TWO PARTS.

PART FIRST.

One midnight hour I sleepless lay
The prey of trembling care;
When fancy claimed her magic sway,
And revelled round me there.

Methought at once I seemed away
On some dark dreary land;
And round me kept their weary watch
A wild and haggard band.

And some were there I thought away
 Far o'er the trackless sea,
 Whose dream of early life had closed
 In manhood's misery.

And some had looks of depthless woe,—
 Some hearts too full of pain,
 While tears of anguish trickling fell—
 I may not see again !

Bright youth and wasted age were there
 With beauty spotless fair,—
 But all looked round, and started back
 To find each other there !

And then a change came o'er the scene,
 On earth—on man—on air,—
 And reptiles joined that stricken mass
 With eyes of hideous glare.

And o'er the aspect of each face,
 A sickening tremor came;—
 As if the thoughts of earlier years
 Convulsed their heated frame.

Then round their eyes began to play
 A wild desire for blood,—
 And murderous hands were raised to strike
 Each other as they stood!

And then despair with iron grasp
 O'er each strange victim stole,—
 As fierce they grew, and spoke the name
 They cursed in their soul!

And then a maddening terror came
 O'er each degraded mind,—
 And some looked back—but hope was left
 Far, far away behind!

And one grim, stalwart form,* unseen,
 Threw with unerring aim,
 His countless darts among the throng,—
 But none knew whence they came.

Then cries uprose that rent the air,
 As each fresh victim fell;
 And round each other arms were thrown
 The rage of death to quell.

* Death, and the universal curse of sin.

But still they died ;—no succour came,
 And heaps all senseless lay ;
 Till one* alone remained to smile
 On mortal's sad decay !

And she was fair and beautiful,
 Serene, and heavenly mild ;
 A form that earth inherited,—
 But not an earthly child.

And Death looked up with savage glee,
 No dart had he but one,
 And that he raised,—but threw it not,—
 His work of death was done !

A form† of bright celestial mien,
 Like light'ning in the sky,
 Sped through the murky clouds of earth
 And bore her safe on high.

* Faith.

† Mercy and love.

PART SECOND.

I know not if I slept, or woke,—

No memory bore me on ;

All consciousness of time, or change,

Deserted—left me lone.

I might have been for ages there,

I might—but sense returned,

Yet dim my sight, and damp my cheek,

And in my brain there burned,

A fierce, deep, throbbing, torturing pain,

I never felt before ;

As if the pangs of centuries

Were centered in an hour.

And round I looked,—but saw no sky,

No moon, no stars, no light ;

And silence mournful stole along

O'er black accursed night.

I know not how I was upheld
In that vast depthless tomb;
Where all became a universe
Of concentrated gloom.

But by degrees my vision came,
And vapours round me rolled;
But not a living thing was seen
In that vast world of old.

All things were changed—the universe
Hung brightless, sunless, lone;
A dreary mass of shapeless form,
A globe of senseless stone.

And not a tree, or flower grew
In that strange wilderness;
Nor bird, nor beast, nor reptile there,
To charm that still distress.

A mighty universal grave
Of every mortal part;
With chaos and eternity
Its monuments of art.

And then a sudden change came o'er
 This moulded mass of gloom ;
 And from afar a beauteous light
 Crept smiling through the tomb.

Away ! away, the clouds dispersed
 Before that heavenly light ;
 Revealing Death in gaunt resolve,—
 But not in strength and might.

And by his side, all gentle, strayed
 That form, so sweetly blending
 Both joy and grief ; which o'er his face
 Seemed all their tumults sending.

“ What hast thou done,” he cried, “ to make
 Earth's fairest beauties cold ;
 The young, the sweetest, and the pure,
 The tottering, strong, and bold,

“ All senseless, throbless, dead, and still
 As worn out mortal spheres ;
 Where teeming nature ne'er again
 Can smile through all her tears.

“And yet with this, you pass along
 With eager eye and dart,
 In search of one you may not find
 But through my deathless heart ;

“And she,—oh! joy, is beauteous now,
 Where you she can defy,—
 For Death thy end is very near,—
 O Death thou too must die !”

And down he glanced upon the form,
 With haggard look—yet smiled ;
 But ghastly was the look and smile,
 And wordless on he toiled.

Then o'er that form a change there came,—
 He sighed no more, and woe
 Seemed banished by a gentle smile,
 A soft and heavenly glow.

And spirits seemed to whisper near,—
 Sweet voices grew around ;
 While Death uprose his heavy dart,
 But no death-life was found.

And down he looked upon his foe,
 'Til fierce became his eye ;
 But wordless still he moved along
 Clothed in his destiny.

Then o'er the form began to play
 A bright and glorious light ;
 But round the stalwart frame of Death
 Clung black Egyptian night !

And words of living fire were o'er
 His quailing aspect thrown ;
Death,—Sin,—and Woe,—eternally
Shall never more be known !

And songs of praise broke thrilling round
 From hosts of radiant mien ;
 Who seemed to float throughout the space,
 Where woe so long had been.

Yet had they lived a mortal life
 No memory could recall ;
 When Sin and Death stalked thro' the world,
 The curse of Adam's fall.

And brighter now that glorious light
 Came on its holy way ;
 Uniting heaven with its souls
 In one eternal day.

Then rose the shout, which centuries
 Had wrought to speak the bliss,—
 The rapture of the soul's first step
 In God's own happiness !

That shout !—I woke with sudden start,
 And on my mind did beam,
 A feeling holy, sweet, and calm—
 But yet it was a dream.



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ARUNDEL CASTLE.*

Behold ! on Arun's† dimpled steep
The darkened ruins of its Keep,
Half frowning in the softened light
Which droops beneath approaching night ;
A circular form with ivy grown,
That guards its time-worn honoured stone,

* This is not intended to be a descriptive poem in the full sense of the word. The lines are merely such as might be suggested by a ramble among the old ruins, and the lovely scenery by which they are surrounded.

† I have chiefly adopted this term, as better suited to the metre than the fuller name of Arundel.

And spreads around a firm embrace
 This stronghold of an ancient race.
 Where freedom's flag waved in the air
 Beneath its royal founder's care;¹
 And where the treacherous plund'ring Dane,
 Avenged their own on Saxon slain;
 But never more shall darkly wave
 The Raven flag o'er Saxon grave;²
 The power of Danish thrall is gone
 And age has left its curse—alone!

There in the pride of ancestry,
 Bold knightly warriors bent the knee
 In the grand age of chivalry;
 And breathed in beauty's willing ears
 The love that trembled into tears;
 While minstrels raised the warlike song—
 "To arms! Avenge a maiden's wrong."
 'Till every breast heaved quick with pain
 To wash in blood the darkening stain;
 And every lip, kissed every blade,
 And vowed the injured heart to aid.

Then o'er the drawbridge rode away
 A knightly throng in steel array—
 With pennons fluttering in the air
 Round banners,—wrought by ladye fair,—
 And dancing plumes, that helmets shroud
 Like some sun-kissed transparent cloud.
 And rung the iron hoofs of steeds,—
 Striking the fire impatience feeds,—
 Through the paved court, where arm'd men wait
 The opening of the oak-nailed gate ;
 To scour the country far around,
 And bring the sullen prisoner bound ;
 Or store the walls with foraged cheer ;
 Inured to hardships—void of fear.
 Thus pass they many days away,
 While scanty news their spirits stay ;
 Till in the hour of creeping morn,
 The warder marks a distant horn ;
 Then on the ramparts thickly crowd
 The archers ; and a rising cloud
 Of dust afar, men armed shroud

Marching in firm array :
 'Till on a nearer hill they stand,
 A friendly and most welcome band
 As ever faced the day.
 Then victory with its laurel'd head,
 To martial strains the conquering led,
 While glory lingered round the car
 Of those that mourned the wounds of war ;
 And reckless feast and revelry
 Rang chorus to the minstrelsy ;—
 Where now the screeching, horned owls dwell,^s
 Famed sweet and Saxon Arundel.

And shall no more the warder see
 The rosy morn in infancy ;
 And to the soft refreshing air,
 Hum the whole burthen of his care ;
 And glance his eye o'er wave and wood,—
 Tinged by the sun's rich golden flood,

Where smiling lie in peacefulrest,
 The peasant cot—the waving field,
 And vessels by the shy tide prest,—
 And not to grateful softness yield?

Shall toss his heavy antlered head,
 The stag no more in listening dread;
 And spurn the ground with battling feet,
 As proud he quits his marked retreat,
 When through the forest glades are borne
 The wild notes of the hunter's horn;
 And ringing shouts, and staunch hounds bay,
 Urge him upon his life-chased way?
 Still through the woods the stag may roam,—
 The roe-buck find a verdant home;
 Still man may shout to staunch hounds bay,
 And feverish chase curtail the day;
 But for the arrow, bullets range,
 And death alone—contrasts no change.

Where rusts the spear, the two-edged sword,
 The arrow head, and armour stored,

That guarded in her troubled day
 Royal Matilda's questioned sway ;
 The bed is there whereon she slept,⁴
 It might have caught the tears she wept.
 Alas ! how many have awoke
 The sigh of pity, as they spoke
 Of dungeons, fearful in their dread,⁵
 Where fierce despair new tortures bred,
 And sorrow forged to those her chains
 That rusted round their shrunk remains,—
 As dreamt they frenzy-wrapt, away
 In darkness all the joys of day !

But years have sighed such woes away,
 And brighter scenes imbue their ray
 O'er fancy's path, and o'er the stone,
 That crumbles now to time alone.
 And many legends haunt the brain
 As wind we round the walls again ;
 Sir Bevis⁶ and his single tower,
 His sword, and strange gigantic power ;

His grand exploits, and noble heart,

His death, and wonderous grave !

And many others claim their part

Of interest, in the thoughtful art,

Which antiquarians save :

Though but in mind such pleadings shew,

And dreams of power, and sighs of woe,

Are strengthless, passionless, and made

Of themes that from old ruins fade.

But deeply searching is their eye,

And bold their chainless thoughts will fly

O'er ages, and o'er ages' dust,

'Till steel gleams polished through its rust ;

And shrivelled parchments, black with age

Smile forth—illuminated page ;

And cities crumbling in the earth,

Brought forth and peopled, as they rose

Fair from their proud exciting birth,

'Ere centuries swept them to repose.

And ruined castles start to sight,

Bold in their age of iron might ;

And battle fields are fought again,—
 Crusaders sink on Moorish plain,—
 Minstrels awake their soul in song,—
 What ancient tale is found too long ?
 They seem to bear upon their face
 The tone of some old Gothic race ;
 They pave the mind with things gone by,—
 Re-build the walls of history.
 They teach us in our stubborn pride,
 That every age is but a tide
 From life's vast ocean ; and its shore
 Strewed with the wrecks of those before,
 And on them moralize.
 They'd make us better by the past,
 And modern laws, become at last
 To dull mankind a prize.
 'Tis great to be a man of lore,
 And thus Time's wisdom to explore !

Oh ! pride of Arun, Earldom's home,
 Shall e'er to haughty Baron come,

Again the armed vassel knight,
 To take upon his bended knee
 The manor oath of fealty ;
 By which his sword is claimed in right ?
 No ! long such laws have welcome past,
 And peace to time their wrongs have cast ;
 Though trace we many hours away
 In wond'ring o'er their feudal sway.

Shall e'er the roofs and walls without,
 Ring with the sturdy threat'ning shout,
 Of mail clad warriors, raising high
 The goblet full in revelry ;
 While broken voices mingling rise
 In curses of their enemies,
 That trample on the holy ground,
 When heathen rites unchecked abound ?
 Though never more such scenes may come,
 And millions leave their northern home
 To wage in Palestine afar,
 The fierce exterminating war ;

Some minstrel may again awake
 The song of love; and honored take
 His stand beneath the oak carved hall,
 And o'er the harp his fingers sweep,
 'Till chord on chord, their beauties fall
 So sweetly, 'tis e'en bliss to weep!
 And as the trembling strings prolong
 Their thrilling power—low chant the song,—

SONG.

The sun slept on the verdant lea;
 The bee wrought in each flowery cell;
 The birds sung out so joyfully,
 That zephyrs caught the tone as well;
 When Ladye Evelyn hied away
 To where the groves of Ashford play.

The Ladye Evelyn,—why did she,
 Her palfrey urge across the vale?
 Three years ago, Sir Ronald vowed
 To meet her there,—and could he fail?

Upon his helm, a tress he wore,—
 She loved—and loving sought no more.
 The groves of Ashford waved above

The tress-bound plume of a Christian knight,
 As from his steed he sprung to clasp
 The trembling form that graced his sight;
 He clasped her,—and each thrilling kiss
 Woke into life their dream of bliss.

Across the drawbridge sweeping rushed
 The gayest throng that joy could make,
 To welcome, with his chosen bride,
 Lord Ronald now! and may years wake,
 Upon each star that beams above—
 'Ere clouds shall dim such constant love.

Mount now the walls, and turn the eye
 In wrath, or scorn, or tearfully,
 Upon the hill with trees o'ergrown,^s
 From thence the Roundhead's shot were thrown;

They lie there yet;⁹ while children play
 Round what old Time can ne'er repay.
 But past the day when victory
 Through loyal tears could smile and die;
 When clothed in all a martyr's power
 Life calmly gave its precious dower,
 To swell his heart with terror's sting,
 Who died the foe of England's king!

The vale is sweet, and gem'd the hill
 With towering trees and sparkling rill;
 The flowers of nature, blooming fair
 Languish their sweets upon the air;
 The gentle song of birds repay
 The wild rook's coarse and tuneless lay;
 Transparent waters from the lake
 Their old established courses take,
 But never more the Saxon mill¹⁰
 Will turn to their enticing will:—
 'Tis gone—a stranger fills the place,
 And modern, ancient walls retrace.

Sweet vale of Arun! beats the heart
 That coldly from thy beauties start,—
 Can gaze upon thy serpent stream
 The eye, and own no joyful gleam,—
 Can nought there strike the teeming brain
 As sweet and still,—and rouse the strain
 Of poetry,—that gushes through
 The soul when old things sparkle new?
 There is a beam upon the hill,
 A golden draught that bosoms fill
 With sweetness,—and its softened tinge
 The quivering leaves with beauty fringe;
 It waits awhile, then deeper grows—
 Painting the west in gorgeous glows,—
 Still richer,—deepening in the shade
 By heavens approaching mantle made;
 'Till dying 'neath a waving cloud,
 A star peeps from its golden shroud,—
 To bless mankind with glittering light,
 Through glooms that pile up torturing night.
 Thus weaves a poet's life, the tone
 That hallows ages,—not his own!

And long might poets linger there
 Breathing the soft and balmy air ;
 And store their minds with ancient things,
 Which ever fancy's memory brings ;
 Entwining ages long remote
 With new-born themes, that gently float
 Around the hearts enraptured sway,
 As sweet as daylight's parting ray.

Oh ! give to me the ruined wall
 O'er which the ivy loves to crawl,
 Deriving nurture from the dust,
 Which ages o'er its surface crust ;
 And let me stand between the sun
 And darkness, 'ere the birds have done
 Their concert, or the tinted spray,
 Which autumn mellows as the day ;
 And let the wind sigh trembling low
 The chant of heart-subduing woe,—
 That rises round the secret spring
 Of joy, a purifying thing.

And let my eye sweep far around
 O'er tree-embossed, and swelling ground ;
 While faintly, like a silver veil,
 The rivers mist floats o'er the vale,
 Wreathing, with forms of fairy grace
 Some long remembered much loved face ;
 Tempting the eye that fondly sees
 All that it hopes in phantasies.
 Then, let me stand upon thy tower
 Old Arundel ! and woo the hour,
 And woo thy history, and the name
 That sweeping centuries link with fame ;
 And let me speak my homely verse,—
 And there my heart its tone rehearse ;
 'Twill fall upon the Saxon stone
 And Norman dungeons, all alone !
 But yet 'twill bind an age of dreams,
 To what the thoughtful eye redeems.

And some few hours thus spent with thee
 Might robe me in thy history ;

And make familiar to my face,
 The heroes of thy noble race;—
 Might breathe the thoughts of other years,
 And pen their whispers through my tears;—
 But now I sing my farewell strain,
 And Arundel's at peace again.



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NOTES

"Beneath its royal founder's care."

King Alfred the Great is the supposed founder of Arundel castle; but I think it more probable that he only restored it, as the situation is a very advantageous one, and not likely to have been overlooked by the Romans, or the subsequent inhabitants of that part of the coast. That Alfred resided there occasionally is without doubt, as it is one of the royal castles mentioned in his will. The Keep is the only remaining proof of its Saxon antiquity. The present Duke of Norfolk has added considerably to the appearance of the town and the general view of the castle, by erecting within the last two years an embattled wall and massive-looking gateway in the Norman style, parallel with the High Street.

"The Raven flag o'er Saxon grave."

The *Reafen*, or black Raven, was a celebrated embroidered standard of the Danes, and believed by them to be enchanterd. They attributed their success or misfortune to its movements. It was taken from them in battle by Oddune, Earl of Devonshire, when Alfred was concealed in the Isle of Athelney.

"Where now the screeching horned owls dwell."

The interior of the Keep, entirely covered in by a net fencing, forms the domicile of a beautiful collection of horned owls, both large and

small. They are very fine, and in England rare specimens of that singular and interesting bird.

⁴ "The bed is there whereon she slept."

The bed on which the Empress Matilda is said to have slept, during her residence at Arundel Castle, when Stephen sat on the throne, is still to be seen in a narrow room over the old Norman gateway. It is of massive oak, and in an excellent state of preservation.

⁵ "Dungeons fearful in their dread."

Arundel Castle appears to have been well provided with these specimens of Norman severity and cruelty, deep and loathsome dungeons. These, although nearly filled up with rubbish, afford a very good idea of their extent and horrible use, in the early times of the Norman dynasty.

⁶ "Sir Bevis, ——"

Sir Bevis of Southampton, is said to have had a tower at Arundel Castle; it is still called "Bevis's tower." The tradition of this romantic giant's death and grave, is still popular among those peculiarly witty people, who prefer an ideal probability to a simple fact. The tradition as I have heard it, runs thus: When Sir Bevis found that his end was approaching, he desired to be carried to the top of his tower, and his huge two-handed sword brought to him; remarking to those around, that on the spot where the sword fell he wished to be buried,—he collected his remaining strength, and whirling it around his head, the moment it flew from his hand he fell back dead. On searching for the weapon, it was found a mile from the tower, broken in the middle, one half of the blade penetrating the earth, and the handle with its portion lying beside it! The grave-like mound in the park is pointed out as the spot where the sword fell, and where Sir Bevis is buried. I have seen an immense two-handed sword, clumsily

joined in the middle, but still upwards of six feet in length, which I was told was the identical weapon used by Sir Bevis in making known his last earthly wish. Most people are acquainted with a similar tradition in the history of Robin Hood.

"——Earldom's home."

Arundel Castle possesses the power of conferring on its positive owner, independent of the authority of the crown, the Earldom of Arundel. The right was first given by the Empress Maude to William de Albani, as a recompense for his defence of it against her enemy King Stephen.

"Upon the hill with trees o'ergrown."

Oliver's Mount is opposite the Castle, and planted with trees, as most other "Oliver's Mounts" usually are. It is, perhaps, strange that these celebrated hills, invariably commanding some town or castle, should, after the lapse of more than two centuries, be looked upon with a degree of terror by the people living in their neighbourhood. But so it is, and I well remember the fearful look of an old man,—rendered more striking by the bitter tone of his voice, as he said in answer to my question, "They are Witenham hills, from which Oliver Cromwell blow'd Dorchester church down—curse him!" This Dorchester is near Oxford.

"They lie there yet——"

Two cannon balls still roll about the Keep they assisted in destroying. They appear to be 18 or 20 pounders.

"——The Saxon mill."

The old Saxon mill, which is mentioned in Domesday book, stood near the lake; but unfortunately for lovers of Saxon antiquities, it was taken down some years since to give place to a very different

structure. I have seen, in the private collection of a gentleman at Arundel, a beautiful painting of this old mill, by the great "Constable," who was very fond of admiring and passing many hours beneath the shade of the surrounding trees, listening to the monotonous rumbling of the old wheel, and the pleasant dashing of the cool and transparent waters.



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A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

What is there human in the mangled form
Of the decked citizen that stalks the streets
Of vice's huge emporium, but its curse?
What is there grand, whereof he might be proud,
Or strong, that weakness might perceive a friend,—
Noble, that wisdom might uphold her fame,
Or virtue smile to be personified?
Alas! but little, though it wayward seems
To retrograde the morals of mankind.

Behold a shade ! a shadow haunting earth,—
 A busy mockery of created good ;
 Look on it well ! imagine half but true,—
 And weep to find that half of pureness gone.
 Oh ! man, oh ! man, the little power thou hast,
 Deception wastes to magnify thy name.
 Draw from the crowd that feeds upon the earth
 This sample of a host,—and read him thus.

He was when born what nature first betrayed,
 A child of sorrow ; and he grew to be
 The idol of a circle, vain through love ;
 Not gentle love,—but that which thrusts itself
 In sickening worship on a wayward child,
 And meant for kindness,—ends a cruel curse.
 Became he then the pupil of a sin,—
 The sin of vanity,—his mother's god ;
 Pride wrought the father's grasping unchecked course
 Through golden fields,—where bloomed but miser love,
 Unmoistened by a tear, or e'en a smile
 That marks the warmth of generous charity ;—
 The son but followed,—and his race began.

Example fostered seeds, thus early sown,
 Which grew in time as garlands in his path,—
 Prickly 'tis true, but of that character
 Youth spurns to heed,—so sweet is manliness,—
 The manliness of show. Behold him now !
 Ye shirtless beggars, and ye care-worn dust ;
 Shew him the honor that your hearts despise ;
 It is the lordling of a petted vice,—
 A great weak man, encased in foppishness,
 That claims your pity,—while you beg his bread !

Years pass away,—and riot and excess
 Sap the weak intellect, and th' dwindling strength ;
 He wraps himself in woollen, while the wind
 Laughs in his ears, and drives him shuddering on.
 Alone he sits, and o'er the glowing fire
 Warms his thin hands, and heats his worn-blanch'd cheek ;
 While in each coal that has an ashy hue,
 His sunk eye sees some spectre of the past,—
 Some pale wronged face, whose beauteous tinge now helps
 To shadow sickness—and a villian's love.
 And ah ! how many heart-sighs goad his ears,—

How many reckless follies haunt his brain ;
 The busy workings of a conscience roused,
 Robs sleep of sweetness,—and reviews his life
 With the harsh truth that magnifies a vice
 To some great deed,—whose help alone is death !
 Forgive him if he falls in that strange void,
 O'er which poor nature weeps to see her wreck ;
 Forgive him if the death he fears to meet
 Should come at his fierce call ; though seldom such
 The heartless cowards end. More oft some train
 Of wild deceptive thought steals fear away,
 And buoys him up with hopes that falsely plead
 A villian's undue end.

He has no God

To fear and love ; but claims the universe
 As the foundation, and the end of life.
 The heaving waves, on which men ride in awe,
 Foaming in strength unbroken—till subdued,
 By the rough feet of mountains, that do rear
 Their whitened heads beyond the rushing clouds,—
 Awake no feelings rich and beautiful

Within his breast, that advocates a God!
 He looks upon the stars and wonders why
 Such brilliant orbs should have few worshipers,—
 They, studding the blue vault in changeless light,
 Racing the sunny spheres that roll between
 Them and man's habitation—evermore!
 The crystal hail falls on his hardened face,
 As looks he upwards—but he feels it not;
 The hoar-frost gathers on his stern-set brow,
 But brings no coolness to his heated brain;
 The silent moon-beam playing round his feet,
 Reveals the verdant grass on which he stands,
 But nothing more!* Each thought remodelled thought
 Works in new language, and begets a hope,—
 A hope where faith's unknown, and where no truth
 Can aid the soul's reluctance to believe;
 Though hope is hope, however false it be.

* I have been informed since these lines were written, that Wordsworth has expressed the same idea. However that might be, I cannot plead guilty to plagiarism, as I have not, even now, read the passage alluded to; and am quite ignorant of the poem in which it is said to exist.—W.M.

Oh ! let us sleep, and dream away our years
 In idiotic patience ; 'ere such scenes
 Should be pourtrayed as worthy any man,
 Whom God hath modelled to inherit earth ;
 This earth so beautiful and full of life,
 Teeming with love, and all the attributes
 Of wisdom, and of majesty, and truth ;
 Where every stone, embedded in the sand
 Performs some mission, and proclaims a Cause :—
 Where every tree, that shades a blade of grass,
 Sheds its crisp leaves—type of mortality ;
 And where man's dust commingling with the sod
 Works still a law, by nourishing the seed
 That springs to light,—a living nobleness !

The tenor of his reckless years thus change,
 And hate and scorn usurp his lonely hours ;
 The deeds of other men give fire to his,
 And their weak rancour strengthens firm his own.
 He smiles upon the world that feeds his pride,
 And deems himself a man that fills a throne,
 Whence emanate the proverbs that shall crown

His brow with fame, and make his narrow grave,
 A consecrated spot for centuries
 To honor for the greatness there confined.

Oh ! let the mask of ignorance darkly fall
 Between his actions and my aching sight ;
 Let mem'ry lose her prospect in the gloom,
 That droops the sense of wild reproachful aims ;
 Put justice, justice be,—and rising bold
 Thrust trembling meekness on her tears again ;
 Why should one heart that beats with charity,
 Sleep tainted by the echo of his crimes.
 It is no picture of an artist's dream ;
 Coldly it starts, a gaunt, ill-shapen mass,
 The poisonous essence of a growing curse,
 Lamentable and dark !

Age creeps apace,
 And hollow cheeks and ghastly sunken eyes,
 Tell the sad tale of bitter phantasies
 And tortured years ; which have no sweet resource
 Beneath the pressure of a lonely hour,

When memory brings back the smiling dawn
Of peace and wisdom in a purer life.

The darkened chamber, and the noiseless tread,—
The heavy atmosphere of warmth confined,—
The mouldering embers struggling into light,—
Playing on damask curtains, closely drawn,
And half drained phials. Is it a scene of joy
For man to haunt? Hush! who is he that calls,
Faint as a sigh, and trembling as a leaf;—
Life has been sleeping—life may sometimes dream
The meaning and redemption of its woe;
Hang o'er the bed, and there a christian tear,
Formed of hope's smiles, rests on the dreamer's cheek.
There let it rest, the beauteous and the bright!
The sweetened source of life's triumphant end;
A treasure and a crown of fadeless joy,
To gem the brow with holiness and love.

'Tis the last scene in his strange history,—
This death bed struggle, and this christian end;
How he had lived and fed upon his life,—

His life's warm passions, helps no mystery.
 He might have shone a man of no small means,
 And left at least *one* moment for the world
 To love and honor, 'ere he went his way.
 Did all men so—did each ignite one spark
 To light his little life,—how many worlds
 Of brilliant glory would the skies revolve!

There is a secret spring in every breast,
 That flows and ebbs in placidness or scorn,
 According to the moral temperature
 Of the heart's actions. 'Tis a mystery,
 And a grand problem mortals may not solve.
 'Tis wrong to dive where God has left no way
 To simplify or govern; but 'tis well
 To pause and think, on what is wisely left,
 Free to respect and beautiful to share.

If the rude warmth that signifies research
 Had cooler students, or was neutralized
 To milder aims, such as essential truth,
 And elevating wisdom; half the grief

That tramples on our world, would cease to be.
 But 'tis that grosser craving of the mind,
 For other objects than creation gave,—
 Existing lonely in the o'erworn sight,—
 That magnifies a sunbeam to a sun ;
 Which tortures life of all its modesty,
 And paints the ruin in a garb of shame.
 Is not all "good"—and is not goodness just ?
 The earth we live in, and the heavens beyond,
 Dissemble not, nor shade our moral sense
 Unchecked by faith, or virtue, or a God !
 What more to gain ? Away ! ye phantasies,
 That tempt mens' souls to everlasting woe !



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INTRODUCTION.

AN introduction to the following "fragments" is somewhat necessary; otherwise, the manner in which they appear, might tend to destroy an opinion favourable to whatever merits they might be found to possess. In the first place they are written entirely from memory. In fact I have not a single note of either of my journeys by me;—having been there twice; first when a boy twelve years since, and again in 1848; which will render the difference in the two dates intelligible. I certainly intended at one time to have made myself well acquainted with the local history of each place of interest I visited, and have produced a work different to this in character, research, and description. What reasons prevented me from carrying out this plan I need not here explain. When, a short time since, the other portion of my work was ready for the press, and I had leisure to be idle, my thoughts naturally rambled in search of something new; and an incident occurring which brought Scotland forcibly to my memory; I seized the idea, and the effect was, in somewhat less than a week, these disjointed and rambling fragments. I always loved Scotland, and I believe I ever shall. And though I would willingly have matured a better work on this beautiful realiza-

tion of a natural poet's fancy, I really had not time. I therefore beg my readers to excuse any too palpable errors in its construction and detail; and allow me, at least, the gratification of feeling that I have in nowise allowed my admiration of the country to overcome my personal judgment, in a description of those beauties of which she may so justly be proud.

W. M.

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FRAGMENT MEMORIES

OF

SCOTLAND.



The morning mists hung thin and grey
O'er Invergordon's sweeping bay;
The scattered stars shrunk from the sight
Beneath the pale moon's waning light;
And mountains shadowed back the day
That o'er the east in blushes lay;
When first my eager footsteps prest
Stern Caledonia's rugged breast.

What years of dancing hope at last
 That moment o'er my memory cast ;
 What joy rose sparkling in my eye
 As thus I stood, proud on the shore,
 Beneath old Scotia's vigorous sky,
 And heard her headlong waters roar:—
 The moment now springs fresh and green,
 As if few hours had past between.

I had not breathed the mountain air,
 Nor wildly ran a mountain child
 Up craggy steep—o'er grey rock bare,
 Nor on the blooming heather smiled.
 I had not stood in awe sublime
 By snows that never change their clime,—
 That seem to mingle with the skies,
 While far below the storm cloud flies ;
 Nor wandered lone in wooded glen,
 Far from the homes and voice of men,—
 By burns' and torrents' darkened pools,
 And leaping falls, where Nature schools.

I had not seen the kilted frame
 Of men who never walked in shame;¹
 Nor held a broadsword in my hand,
 Nor dirk, nor pointed target scanned;
 Nor seen the lonely highland tower,
 Where chieftain reigned in feudal power;
 And clanship forged a brother's chain,
 O'er hill and glen, loch, pass, and plain;
 Where tartans fluttered, true and proud,
 'Round Campbell, Gordon, or McLeod;
 I ne'er before had turned my eye
 On Scottish clans, or scenery;
 But 'ere the day had fleetly run,
 I loved her as a faithful son.

The wandering waves leapt on the strand,
 Beneath Dunrobin's towers grey;²
 And evening zephyrs gently fanned
 The autumn flowers; as sweet they lay,
 Stretched on the sloping cultured steep,—
 Bowing their heads to passing day;
 'Ere stars shone on their placid sleep,
 And fairies laughed their dreams away.

And dwarfish trees half met the shore,
 Deepening the twilight shade the more;
 While verdant turf beneath them spread,
 Softened the foot's unmeasured tread;
 And over broken rocks, the sea
 Swept in rude tones of harmony!
 Such was the scene, and first the hour
 I passed beneath Dunrobin's tower;
 When boyish thoughts stamped on my face
 The blush that years could not erase;
 And there alone I mused away
 The sweet farewell of languid day.
 How often since I've revelled there,

 Wrapt in some wild romantic dream;
 And, peopling on the viewless air
 The happiest homes that love could deem!
 Where are they gone! is ever youth
 A dream, till grief unmasks the truth?

Meek Ben 'bhraggie, heather wreathed,
 Watches the sun rise from the sea;—
 Of rugged sternness half bereaved,
 Smiles on Dunrobin playfully;

Peering upon its noble head
 A monument to honored dead.*
 I stood there once and saw the sun
 Gild many a distant loch, and chain
 Of rocky mountains, one by one,
 From Helmsdale's ridge beyond old Tain;
 And Golspie calmly sleeping lay,
 Behind its creeping silent bay†
 Beneath my feet; with strath and glen,
 Potted with homes of happy men,
 And cattle dosing; while the corn,
 Yellow as gold, was gently borne
 By graceful waves down by the breeze,
 That murmuring swam in cooling race
 Around and through the tinted trees,
 And nestled on the heated face.
 I saw it thus,—but 'ere an hour
 Had passed, from o'er the eastern sea
 Black clouds rolled on in startling power,
 And swept the valleys charms from me!

* A massive stone column stands on the top of Ben 'bhraggie, in memory of the late Duke of Sutherland.

† The mouth of this bay is called the "little ferry."

From me,—the sun still on me shone,
 The heavens above retained no cloud,
 But far below the thunders tone,
 Pealed from the lightnings fiery shroud !
 And rain and tempest flew in wrath,
 Around the mountains winding path !³
 How grand ! impressive, full of awe,
 This storm and sunshine, war and peace ;
 A type of God's eternal law
 Both now and when these worlds shall cease !
 Darkness and woe dwell on the earth,
 And man is ever toiling through,
 To find few things of genuine worth
 Beyond what his forefathers knew.

GATHERING OF THE CLANS AT INVERCAULD, 1848.

The bright morning sun in the heavens was shining,
 And glancing its smiles o'er the vale of Braemar ;
 The wild bonny Dee in sweet murmurs was stealing
 Beneath the old forest that wanders so far.

White Mar,* low and shaded, its clansmen was forming
 To the gathering note of the pipe's piercing strain ;
 And the wild clan of Athol in numbers were pouring,
 From their white tents that studded the greenswelling plain.
 They marched as their fathers had oft marched before them,
 With Lochabar axe,—proud, fearless, and stern ;
 With claymore, and target, and deadly dirk, ready
 To die 'ere the foeman their Chieftain should turn !
 They marched with their banners all waving so gently,
 To the pride stirring swell of the music they loved ;
 Their bonnets adorned with a sprig of brown heather,
 Oak, mountain ash, birch, or what badge the clan proved.
 They forded the stream, and they marched up the valley
 To Invercauld's† towers, retiring yet bold ;
 And there they were welcomed by Farquharsons, Stewarts,
 Mc'Donald's, and other clans numerous and old.

* Mar Lodge, in Aberdeenshire, the highland seat of the Duke of
 Leeds.

† Invercauld, near Castletown, is the beautiful seat of — Farquhar-
 son, Esq. His hospitality on the occasion of the "gathering of the
 clans," on his estate was unbounded, and in the true spirit of a high-
 land chieftain. Her Majesty, with Prince Albert and the royal
 children, honored the "gathering" with their presence.

They met there in honor, all open and friendly,—

The Dee at their feet, and around wild Braemar ;
While afar towering high, blue rugged and sternly,
Arose the bold mountains of famed Lach na Garr.

They met on the plain,—with their Queen to behold them

Contend on the sward for the pride of their name ;
The huge Caber turned, and the Hammer flew bravely,
With the smooth heavy stone in the old highland game.
The race up the mountain, across the deep torrent,
Was over,—the flat too had swiftly been run ;
The pipes had paraded, prize dancing applauded,
And medals and tokens decked those who had won.*

Their loved Queen had gone, and the mountains still echo'd

The glad shout that sprung from each warm loyal breast ;
The valleys were mingled with sunbeams and shadows,
And twilight seemed hastening its beautiful rest ;

* The papers of the day give a list of the successful competitors. There was likewise a spirited sketch of the scene in the "Illustrated London News."

When high swelled the notes of the wild Tullochgorm ;
 And high the rude cheers, as each Chieftain drew nigh ;
 While the bright waving tartans of Scotia's fair daughters,
 Refined the fierce mirth of the clan's revelry.

The cool breath of morning in silence was creeping,
 Along the dark ridges of mountain and wood ;
 Still Invercauld shook with the piping and reeling,
 And rang with the mirth of this warm brotherhood.
 The bright sun had tinged the low hills and the waters ;
 When, sweeping the silence of forests afar
 The pipes gathering note brought its clansmen together,
 And led them in peace through the vale of Braemar.

Schiehallion bared its cloud-wreathed head⁴
 In grandeur, as the subbeams spread
 Their golden tinge upon the grey
 Wild beetling rocks that shade loch Tay ;

Benlawers caught the smiling gleam,
 And threw it on glen Lyne's dark stream,—
 That murmurs onward through the vale
 Where modern Garth rests lone and pale⁶
 Among her trees ;—while far away,
 Old Garth's famed towers all ruined lay,—
 But scarce a beam fell on the isle,⁶

That on loch Tay, by Kenmore's shore,
 Still boasts its sanctified pile,—

O'er which huge trees their branches pour,—
 But green, and ruined ; and o'ergrown

With brambles, creeping thick and wild
 Above, and round the crumbling stone

On which so many years have smiled ;
 And hiding from the searching eye
 The graves where nuns so numerous lie.
 How full, the requiem for the dead
 Has o'er loch Tay's deep waters spread !
 And echoed on the mountain side,
 The last long wail of broken pride !
 But there the rooks now chorus raise,
 And wild fowl sleep through summer days.

From loch Tay's bosom dancing flows
A stream ; and Taymouth's Castle* throws

Across its turret shade.

Grand Taymouth ! with its banquet hall,
Round which the sunbeams creeping fall

On many a highland blade,

And armour of the Campbell race,—

With cherished trophy's of the chase

Reposing side by side.

It is a noble place I ween,

As ever mountains closed between,

To guard with jealous pride.

And swelling onwards with the Tay,

The valley seems to fade away

In soft and gentle sleep ;

The sleep in which the mind may dream,

The melting hearts impassioned theme,

And o'er its fondness weep !

Be still my heart ! the scene no more

Will through thy grasping eyelids pour !

* Taymouth Castle is the splendid residence of the Marquis of Breadalbane, chief of the clan Campbell.

Fair Perth ! the key to highland power,⁷

Why was thy Palace stained with blood ;

Why, why ? there is a coming hour

When kings will e'en be understood !

Poor Gowrie ! and poor Ruthven too !

Ye rest in peace,—do they who slew ?

Despite the many hues of gloom

That cloud thy history's lengthened page,

Affections breath wafts o'er perfume

The various tints of every stage ;

No matter how reverse the fate

Of men who ruled in petty state ;

No matter how unjust and bare,

Claims died beneath a royal care ;

Such bonds of honored sympathies

O'er every darkened path arise ;

And throw impassioned majesty

O'er thy old mountain history !

Kinnoul !⁸ the Roman might exclaim

“ My Tiber, O my Tiber ! ” well ;

As to thy summit flushed he came

And saw thy Tiber's silver swell

Through emerald nature's peaceful sleep,
To kiss the soft cerulian deep.

What scene can raise a stronger glow

Of exultation and of pride,

Than Gowrie's panoramic show,

And Gowrie's stately sweeping bride !

The noble mountains waft their joy

O'er hills, whose forests richly wave

Above the meadow flowers coy,—

That clothe the banks the waters lave :

And fragrant winds there softly blow,

And, rippling on her bosom go

Sweet escort to the dancing sea

That leaps around old stern Dundee.

How cold and dead to every thrill

Of nature's sweet and noble grace,

Is he who stands on Kinnoul hill

And turns unmoved his gazeless face !

Oh ! let him take one vacant peep

Down on the trees that hide the steep ;

And one more step, and one more sigh,

And mask no more death's lethargy !

I've stood on Edin's castled hill,—
In Holyrood have felt a thrill

Of strong resentful fear ;

I've read on Carlton hill each name
That Scotia, sensible to fame,

Has graven with a tear.

Arthur's blue craggy seat have seen,
And revelled in its gorgeous scene ;
By Roslin's charming glen I've strayed ;
Of famed Dalkeith* a circuit made,

And stood upon the shore

Of rolling Forth, and saw the sea
Sweep o'er the rocks majestically

In long and angry roar.

On Stirling's tow'rs have looked with pride ;
And fancied Bannock's torrent dyed⁹

With noble English gore !

* Dalkeith is the property of the Duke of Buccleuch ; it belonged at one time to the famous Earl of Morton.

And Killicrankie's pass have won¹⁰

Unarmed, and lonely in the sun—

Then drank of Athol brose¹¹

In Dunkeld's old monastic town,¹²

Beneath the Grampian's shaggy frown,—

By which the sweet Tay flows.

And many more historic scene

In wrapt delight I've over been,—

Benlomond and its loch,

That spreads in beauty miles away,

While to its bosom's tranquil play

Green islands gently rock.

Balmoral's* princely mountain home,

Enclosed by forest, glen, and burn;

Where man might unmolested roam,

And nature's richest beauties learn

I've passed; and musing faced the sea

By Gordon Castle's stately walls;¹³

That nobly guards the verdant lea

O'er which their shade so widely falls.

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* Balmoral, as every one is aware, is the beautiful and secluded highland residence of Her Majesty.

I've crossed the Spey's wild rapid stream,
And seen the silver salmon gleam

Deep in the yellow pool ;

And far away, on mountain brink,
The red stag winding down to drink

The burn-side waters cool.

I've seen them at the close of day,
By hundreds march in proud array

Along the narrow pass ;

Where close concealed, the stalkers skilled,
With hound in leash, their breathing stilled,

And marked the antlered mass ;

They nearer came,—and slowly rose
The deadly rifle,—crash ! and flows

The red blood on the ground !

They snort,—they trembling stand amazed ;—
Again the ringing rifle's raised ;—

Again the heart struck bound !

The curling smoke reveals their foe,
 And wildly rushing, back they go
 All up the mountain side;
 While shrilly ringing in their ears,
 The death "Whoop's" magnify their fears,
 Till miles subdue their pride.

I've seen the white faced ptarmigan
 And golden plover, on the height;
 While o'er the crags the blue hare ran
 Alarmed, to hide from mortal sight.
 I've marked the dart-like silent flight
 Of red grouse o'er the heather wave,
 That swells in floods of golden light,
 And mountain paths with beauties lave.
 And green spots oft have met my eye,—
 Where snipe, in bogs untrampled, lie;
 And black cock in the wood,
 That skirts the hill, where fern's spread high
 Their sheltering crown, o'er woodcock shy,
 And partridge's nestling brood.

Along the stunted brushwood steep,
 'Mong dwarfish oaks and hazel deep,
 I've sought the agile roe ;
 How soft and timorous is its eye,
 When, wounded down it sinks to die
 In tears of speaking woe !
 Then homeward through the silent glen,
 To dream through many scenes again,—
 Have hastened on my way ;
 When twilight rich was gathered round,
 And gentle stars the heavens bound
 With beauteous spangled ray !
 Oh ! Scotland, I could ever dwell
 Wrapt in each warm heart breathing spell,
 Though not a child of thine !
 And ever when my memory turns,
 To thy blue skies and sparkling burns,
 To see thee but once more I long and fondly pine.

NOTES

¹ "Of men who never walked in shame."

The highlanders of Scotland have never, as a race, been conquered, or subjected to bondage by a foreign enemy.

² "——— Dunrobin's towers grey."

In Sutherlandshire, about a mile north of Golspie, is Dunrobin Castle, the principal highland residence of the Duke of Sutherland. It has been very much improved within the last few years, and is a celebrated feature in the northern highlands. It stands on the edge of a hill which gradually runs into the north sea ; the distance from the walls to the shore being but a few yards. Its early history is but vague and traditionary.

³ "And rain and tempest flew in wrath,
Around the mountains winding path."

This description of the storm, however faint, is taken from what I actually witnessed; in fact I believe it to be no uncommon occurrence in the mountainous parts of Scotland. I waited on the top of Ben'bhraggie till the clouds began to break away ; and the occasional views I obtained of the scenery, and the blue sea, clothed with a thin veil of mist, which the sun gradually dispelled, were beautiful beyond description. Though twelve years since, and when I was

but a boy, I can imagine it almost as vividly as if the reality were again before me.

4 "Schiehallion ———"

In Perthshire, southeast of loch Rannoch, is no great distance from loch Tay. Its height is 3513 feet. Benlawers on the north side of loch Tay is 3944 feet high. Their appearance is very grand and imposing.

5 "Modern Garth ———"

Garth house is a very compact and substantial building, the property, if I remember rightly, of a Mr. Stewart, a relation of the talented author of that name. Old Garth is a ruined tower about two miles distant. Its history I have not heard. The adjoining glen Lyne, as well as the country round, is linked with the fame of the notorious Rob Roy, and with which he was well acquainted. The McGregor's I have heard, possessed a castle, or tower, in the upper districts of glen Lyne.

6 "——— The Isle,
That on loch Tay by Kenmore's shore."

The island on loch Tay is still called "Nun's Island;" from the fact that at one time an important nunnery occupied the greater portion of its surface; but it is now covered with ruins, and presents a very desolate appearance. When I was there, a person told me that a Queen was buried there; but as the name, "Sibylla," is new to my memory, except as the consort of Prince Robert of Normandy, the queenly idea is, I think, erroneous. The princess Sibylla, during the long imprisonment of her royal husband, might have retired to Scotland, and ended her days in this nunnery; and her joint right to the throne of England, rejected in life, awarded by courtesy in death. This is, perhaps, a more correct version, as Scot-

land was then the retreat of both Norman and English who were at the time dissatisfied, and at enmity with the prevailing monarchy in the sister kingdom.

"Fair Perth! the key to highland power."

Perth was considered at one time the key to the central highlands. The Earl of Gowrie was murdered in his palace, at Perth, as Mr. James in his "Gowrie" states, at the instigation of King James the First of England, and the evidence he adduces undoubtedly confirms me in that opinion. But it is a matter of history, and that portion is far from being clear and confidential. Perth is a beautiful city, and its "Inch's" add greatly to its historical interest. Scone, the ancient palace of the kings of Scotland, is about a mile distant from Perth.

"Kinnoul ———"

Kinnoul hill overlooks Perth, and the celebrated Carse of Gowrie, as far as Dundee. It is said that the Romans, on suddenly coming to the top of this hill, were so enraptured with the view that they shed tears, and used the exclamation in the text. Some have compared the silver Tay to the golden Tiber.

"——— Bannock's torrent dyed."

Bannockburn, where the battle of that name was fought in 1314. James the Third of Scotland was murdered here in 1488.

"Killiecrankie's pass have won."

The pass of Killiecrankie, at one time difficult of access, as well as dangerous, is situated near Blair Athol; and is rendered celebrated from its having been the scene of a hotly contested engagement between the highlanders attached to the cause of James the Second, and the troops of William the Third, when the latter were signally defeated.

¹¹ ——— Athol brose."

Athol brose is a mixture of whiskey, milk and honey, peculiar to that district.

¹² "Dunkeld's old monastic town."

Dunkeld is noted for the ruins of its cathedral, part of which have been repaired, and now used as a parish church. The scenery around is a beautiful combination of mountain, wood, glen, and torrent.

¹³ Gordon Castle's stately walls."

Gordon Castle, near Fochabers, is the chief highland residence of the Lennox family; the Duke of Richmond being the head. The Spey which runs close by is celebrated for its fine salmon.



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THE SEA;—A FRAGMENT.



Another step, and there
Before me lay the ocean,—the grand waste
That sucks up mountains and re-moulds the world !
Soft in its beauty, blending with the sky,
With not an outline, save a bluer tint
Through which a pale star look'd and trembling shone ;
While white sail'd ships seem'd dancing thro' the air,
On eve's soft hazy fields of yielding grace,
Which floated round, and mirror'd unseen things.
And stretching far though scarce discernable,

Rose the bold headland of a wilder chain
 Of rocks and mountains,—as their natives rude,
 Yet no less sheltering from the storms of life.*
 I know not why, but yet it seemed to me
 As the great champion of a storm-beat coast,
 Advancing from the ranks of Nature's host,
 To wage a war against the elements
 Proud and unbending!—While the sheltered bay,
 Caught the spent waves to murmur o'er their loss,
 And weep their anger to cornelian ears;†
 And even now they swept the beaten strand,
 Their thin white crested mimickries of wrath,
 Stealing in gambols round the sandy forts
 Some child had built to guard a weed-grown stone.

* Flamborough Head, the termination of the Yorkshire Wolds. I need scarcely add that the natives of those regions are famed for hospitality, and a peculiar sort of bluntness, far from displeasing, as it carries with it that hearty conviction of welcome so congenial to an Englishman's temperament when among strangers in his own land.—W. M.

† Scarborough Bay is celebrated for its beautiful cornelian stones; which,—like the Isle of Wight "diamonds," but more plentiful,—forms rather an exciting source of amusement to its numerous visitors, of every age and sex.—W. M.

The grand, the stern, the beautiful, the calm,
 The brave, brave sea! A deep sweet thrill of joy
 Crept through my frame, and quivered in my eye,
 When first I stood and saw thee—saw, and wept!
 No mystery that I wept,—a woodland boy
 With woodland feelings, as its foliage soft;
 Nursed 'mid a fairy recklessness of flowers,
 And tinted leaves and trees that sought the sky
 In tow'ring magnificence, there to court
 The revelling sunbeams, throwing back their gold
 In mellow'd lustre, laughing all the while
 With the soft breeze that toyed with them in peace;
 Such peace as childhood mourns when both are gone.
 Then lost in worlds such as conjecture builds;
 Now thrown without their bounds, a startled thing,
 Eager to grasp, yet diffident, alarmed
 At so much mystery, tho' so palpable,—
 No wonder that I wept, it touched the heart!

I stood not far from the now silent mount,*
 Where ages since an iron show'r arose,
 To wreck a castle, and to stain a cliff

* Oliver's Mount, near Scarbro'.

With British blood ! and o'er it soon upreared
 It's silent head, a gloomy threat'ning cloud ;
 Which the red sun, as if in mockery,
 Fringed with its fire, then redder tipt the waves,
 And vanished !

In one short hour arose
 On the wild hurricane a startling cry,
 Frightful and shrill !—as shade that follows shade,
 Skimm'd o'er the rushing floods, and echoed back
 Its freezing clearness,—mariners of woe,
 Their white wings cleaving thro' the briny snow,
 That rose in clouds to darken human hope
 And conquer friendly aid. Fury, tempest leagued
 Howl'd maddening onwards, waking up the deep
 From its sweet slumber in bright coral caves,
 To gird upon its back the fleet of worlds,
 And roll them over mountains as a reed ;—
 Mountains that mingle with black torrent clouds,
 Kissing the lightning that reveals a tomb !
 Or hide them from the sight in moving gulphs,
 Where frightfully calm, the broken cordage hangs
 To shivered sails, and shattered starting masts ;

And yet how grand, to see this mass of floods
 Battling and hissing in their frantic glee,
 And throwing their salt spray o'er every sail,
 Laughing in mockery at the fear they raise.
 I now had reached the rocky shore, and stood
 Thus face to face with the wild hurricane,
 Shouting in all the madness of my joy,—
 Though to my lips my heart alone replied.
 Alone I stood,—and through the howling storm
 Pierced the wild shriek, my ear had caught before ;
 And close upon a sunken reef appeared,
 Dimly and dark, a vessel half a wreck,—
 I shuddered,—for my throbbless heart told why !

Years now have pass'd, but years cannot erase
 From memory half the horrors that transpired
 That fearful night ; and even now in dreams,
 That strange shriek writhes itself in agony
 O'er night's deep slumber, and awakes a scene
 Of storm and tempest,—wrecks upon a shore,
 And death entwined with seaweeds, and a form
 Lovely and cold, in that o'erpowering sleep
 Which beautifies the countenance, while it opes

The beating heart to feel—tis' desolate !
Yet how I love to mount the sparkling waves,
And feel their dancing gladness through my frame ;
To bare my brow, and let the dashing spray
Leap on my temples. 'Tis a joy I prize,
And who does not ? I love the deep blue sea,
Calm in its beauty ; but its wild rage awes,
Excites, and thrills, as no rapt tongue can tell.

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FAREWELL TO HASTINGS.



Farewell, farewell! How on the parted lips
Of saddened memories will breathe that word,
As if its beauty had no gleam of mirth
To chase dark sighs away! And now farewell,
To love nor maiden loveliness, but thee
Old Hastings, hoary in thy ancient seat
Of rock and wave. Thy grandeur is not stern,
But sweet and gentle, mixed with rugged smiles
That frown or laugh according to the mood
In which proud man stalks round thee. Many dwell

On thy past history as a name of dread,
 Deep leagued with iron wrath and cruelty :
 A fiery brand on Saxon's noble laws,
 Which made their name a scorn and thee a curse !
 But that is past : although thy name is not,
 Nor, while the sun gleams on thy Castle's grave,
 And years outnumber years, and kingdoms die,
 Shall History pause to recollect thy name !
 But why does sadness, like a thing of fear,
 Come o'er our hearts when listening to thy fame ?
 Oh ! Hastings, Hastings, give us back the past,
 Or let thy Norman blight be turned to shame !

Enough ! come onward now the soothing thought
 Inheriting sweet scenes all tinged with joy
 And glorious freedom.

We behold the deep
 And solemn ocean wreathing round our gaze
 And chaining all our wonder. By that spell
 Which fancy claims o'er every human heart,
 We brave its storms, and smile at its calm wave.
 And then we sleep ; and dream of sudden wrecks,

And strange discoveries of coral caves,
 And their half-heavenly occupants, who bear
 Us through their realms (in mute and sweet surprise)
 All flashing bright with gems no mortal wears.
 Till some dark monster laughs—and we awake !

And then at early dawn we hail the breeze,
 Which fans our cheek and tempts us to its home,
 Its flower-clad home, o'ertopp'd with giant trees,
 Whose roots are cooled with sparkling rivulets
 That wind and fall in murmuring ecstasy ; *
 Kissing the fairy cheeks of blushing flowers,
 Which see half-timidly, their mirror'd grace
 Borne laughing by. Oh ! Nature thou delightest
 In scattering happiness by shady dells,
 Where man must search, to find thee unprovoked.

And then we stand beside a rustic seat, †
 Which hath a tale, so gentle to the heart

* Fairlight Glen.

† The Lovers' Seat.
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That beats with love. Romance endued with life,
 Hangs o'er the scene, and beauty sighs awhile,—
 Till manhood wins the prize,—and then her eyes
 Speak rapture's glow to his, which gleam with pride.
 Thus are they happy ! And the mill's side gained*
 'Ere that sweet look is changed for one of earth.
 For love sees nothing mortal—but the bliss
 Which springs from mortal love and happiness.
 And there before them lie in miniature
 A world of towns and villages, and tow'rs,
 And castles—harmless now—and verdant fields,
 And forests, with their mansions, and the smoke
 Of peaceful fires, ascending to the clouds
 Which hang o'er counties, sleeping in the sun
 And dreaming but of peace. Oh ! beauteous land,
 My birthright and my home ! Why should the rage
 Of human spirits multiply thy wrongs
 And blast thy beauty with the breath of war ;

* The view from this mill is most extended and beautiful. If my memory does not fail me, there may be seen by the naked eye seventy-five parish churches and five castles, situated in five different counties, and by the aid of a glass the opposite shores of France, eighty miles off, may be traced.—W.M.

But never more ! oh ! never more the shriek
 Of pillaged peasant, and the fiercer oath
 Of war's dark chiefs, shall pierce the wounded sky
 In mocking harmony !

We leave this scene,—

And stand upon a rock,—and there are stones
 Piled up in walls and tow'rs, which take the shape
 Of Norman's bastard reign.* And can we tread
 Where perhaps he trod, and feel his thirsted fame
 Steal round our hearts in love ? He stood and saw
 The sea, the plain, the Roman place of strength,†
 And his own troops reposing in their tents,
 And felt himself their king. And so he proved !
 He died ! and let him rest. But no poor man
 That saw, or knew his heart, could bless his name
 Or envy half his pow'r.

And now, farewell

To thee, old Hastings, with thy scattered stones—

* The castle is now a grim ruin.

† Pevensey Castle.

Thy massive church, wherein the voice of man,
Endowed with tones of Hell,* spoke of his God!
Farewell awhile, and may thy people know
How to protect and not destroy thy name.

* Dr. Titus Oates.

HASTINGS FISHERMEN.*

Walk down the beach of shingle deep,
And pause upon the strand;
There idly lounging in the sun
You'll see a fameless band;

* These "fishermen" although I have located them at Hastings, it by no means follows that they are to be found there only. They form but a link in the chain of generous enthusiasm and hardy bravery, which is in the nature of fishermen, and extends from the mouth of the Thames along the whole coast, much to the southward of Beechy Head.—W.M.

But fameless only in the strife
That warrior nations wage;
For was their fame of humane deeds
But known,—how vast the page.

Their buoyant luggers ride at sea
O'er topping each dark wave;
How quickly would each anchor rise
If there was life to save!

The storm is howling fiercely high,
The ocean throws its foam
Among black clouds, that through the sky
In frightful masses roam.

A flash of light is dimly seen,—
More dimly still a sail;
And what would thunder be in calm,
Sighs faintly on the gale.

And eager eyes are strained to pierce
The gloom of fearful wrath;
For, like a shadow flits the sail
O'er deaths devouring path.

More substance like now nearer comes

That fated fragment sail :—

Now raised above, now sunk below,—

The sport of the rude gale.

Again a flash reveals its shape,—

Its hull upon the surge;

And faintly like a whispered moan

Now booms its farewell dirge!

Between it and the crowded strand

A line of breakers roll,—

Beneath their giant crested strength

Repose a rocky shoal.

Some friendly buoys securely placed

There ride to point the foe;

But who can see their small dark heads

Beneath those waves of snow!

The storm king sits upon his throne,

And legions work his will;

He smiles in power, he laughs in glee,

And furies share the thrill!

The lightning's cleave around his head,
 And thunders speak his voice :—
 How marvellous is the furious mirth
 Which none but them rejoice.

But nearer now the vessel draws,—
 A cable's length or more
 Is all the distance from her grave,—
 Two cables from the shore!

Upon her deck were human forms
 Devoid of human aid,—
 While some were mute and terror-struck,—
 Some wildly fervent pray'd.

And some, alas ! were madly drunk,
 And sung their revelling songs ;—
 While some plunged yelling in the waves
 And courted death in throngs !

A moment more, she strikes ! she strikes !
 O God ! how leaps the wave
 Upon her deck,—each bearing down
 A victim to its grave !

Upon the shore a boat is hauled,
 Stern men are seated there ;
 Each holds an oar,—and hundreds throng
 Around the storm to dare.

She slowly to the breakers glides,
 A moment—and she swims !
 A shout, a deafening shout is heard
 As o'er the wave she trims !

That shout now madly turns to shrieks—
 Each breaker fiercely rolls ;
 But in that mighty sea of foam
 Are struggling human souls !

They sink !—They rise !—the hissing gulphs,
 They coolly now embrace ;
 And human daring and its aid
 O'ercomes the death like chase.

Again another boat is launched,—
 Again she sinks—a wreck !
 All mortal help seems useless now,—
 They feel it on the deck.

But one till now has stood alone,—
A young and manly form,—
He rushes to that hardy group,—
He pleads to meet the storm.

Around his waist a rope is fix'd,—
A wave comes mocking on,—
He dives,—again,—again, and now
His path is all alone !

A few more strokes,—the rope is caught ;
He stands upon the deck !
A wild shout rises from the strand,
'Tis answered from the wreck !

Another hour and nought was seen
But wrecks that strew'd the shore ;
And many saved that fearful night
In terror weep it o'er.

Walk down the beach of shingle deep,
And pause upon the strand ;
There, idly lounging in the sun,
You'll see that fameless band.

FAITH.

How beautiful the hope that springs from Faith,
That uncorrupt physician conquering Death !
That holy ordeal of the spirits strife,—
Pure wisdom of the world refined by life.
Mystic and solemn, glowing visions rise
Around the heart in rapturous sympathies ;
Mystic in sense to those who have no soul
Beyond the path where human miseries roll.
Heart ! canst thou speak. Soul ! canst thou understand
The proverbs of existence, and command

Its space to close, or add a moment more
 To life or death, 'ere the last pangs are o'er,
 When silence mocks the depths mankind deplore?
 In vain, in vain the bosom pants to know
 The comprehensive meaning of its woe:
 While life's false dream, composed of sparkling joys
 Reclines in thought, till time its peace destroys.
 Is such the faith that holds the sinking heart,
 Unnerved by guilt throughout its mortal part;—
 Is such the beauty that instils the mind
 To smile ungrieved on all it leaves behind:—
 Is such the fervour of the Christians soul
 That looks on earth, but spurns its weak controul?
 Oh! no; we feel, and rich in faith confess
 The mortal end,—the immortal loveliness,—
 Of what we are,—of what we then should be,
 By the deep working of God's majesty!
 There are some beings who inhabit life,
 And throw on doubt their conscientious strife;
 Some look confused and paralyzed on death,
 And fear the world of unconnecting breath.

Was man thus sent to be a tortured slave
 To every passion that o'erlooks the grave;
 Did Hope from heaven descend to gloss its name
 With every human weakness, and its shame;
 Did mercy smile on love, and mould their kiss
 On angel's lip, to people earth with bliss?
 There is a calmness which mankind may lose,
 By being radiant in unchristian hues;
 There is a hope, without embodying peace,
 Which shuns the heart when earthly cares increase;
 To look on heaven and feel that heaven is there,
 Is the great faith of life's ennobling care;
 To know its beauties lie within our grasp,
 Throws worlds behind for vanity to clasp;
 To stamp redemption on the doubting heart
 Is the sole beauty of the christian's art;
 Each earthly substance with its keenest grief,
 May haunt and probe, but never shake belief.
 Such is an atom of the rock of truth—
 The stern foundation of mankind's reproof;
 Such is the lingering fragment of a thought,
 That looked to heaven, and cherished what it sought;
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And would now see its hope enraptured bliss,
The morning echo of sweet faithfulness.
“O come to me,” the voice of mercy cried,
“Ye sad and weary, I will be your guide.”
Men came in fear, till mercy shewed them love,
And love, salvation with its home above.



A PRAYER.



To Thee O God! that o'er the boundless sky
Claims the sole Empire and the Deity ;
To Thee, creator of all endless worlds
I kneel ;
O let my prayer, in earnest accents raised,
Thy ear reveal.

God of the just! Protector of the poor,
Nameless in mercy, sacred evermore;
Glorious! Eternal! Fountain of all peace,
To Thee,
I dare to lift my dark sin clouded eyes
In Faith's decree.

How small my voice! how weak my earnest prayer,
 Compared to Thy great blessings—which I share;
 How cold my faith, to every heavenly hope

Of Thine,

E'en where my life the substance, and its light

One thought—to shine.

What dare I claim,—what mystery seek to know,
 Unsolved by Thee—all Life's mysterious flow:—
 What may I ask, without my soaring pride

To urge

The great demand,—believing Thee my God

The whence all joys emerge.

O far more guilty is my wayward heart,
 To ask and have, yet spurn the sweetest part,—
 Which Thou in pity helpest man to feel

On earth;—

Prepar'st before him every hope to grace

His second birth.

God of all Power, O help my wandering mind
 To feel Thy truths, and know Thy power can bind :
 O lead me gently to Thy sheltering fold

Of peace,

And as my Shepherd, follow Thee alone

'Till death's release.

How have I sinned before Thee all my days,
 Nor once repented of my erring ways :
 Yet oft have call'd, to shew professing faith,

On Thee,

While words thus uttered, have but swell'd my list

Of blasphemy.

Yet Thou, Redeemer of mankind's just woes,
 Still succour life, that life may find repose ;
 Still in Thy goodness bids my soul rejoice,

And live,—

In mercy smiles when vain and earthly hopes

No rest can give.

Then God my Father! teach me e'er to feel
 The only recompense my guilt can heal :—
 Teach me to love what Thou alone can'st judge

As right,—

To shun the voice of folly, and the smile

Which lures, to blight.

O may I love Thee as Thy spirit loves,
 Preferring Thee to every thing that moves ;
 Forgiving all men as I hope to be

Forgiven,

And at the last obtain eternal life

Through Christ in heaven.



LINES IN MEMORY OF
EDWARD VERNON HARCOURT,
LATE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Oh! come to me the purest muse of earth,
And be thou in my breast a monitor ;
For I would tell the virtues of the dead !
The dead whose life partook of every grace,
That human nature condescends to praise.
Proud of his ancient name he lived, and saw
The world revolve, and empires change their course,
Untainted by the vices or the crimes
Of either sphere, beyond what selfishness

In honor claims to renovate the heart.
How kind the smile that dwelt upon his face,—
With eye of soft and mild benevolence;
That warmed restraint to confidential ease,
And gathered love for all to reverence;
While charity, in action as in heart,
Sat on him well and silent—smiled his fame!
Clad in the vesture that betokens faith,
He preached the crusade to a better world
With earnest eloquence and simple power;
That taught the poor, and yet refined the rich.
Upon his throne, or in domestic life,
E'er condescending, just, and liberal;
No motive could enhance austerity
Or rigid sternness, when a proud resolve
To better life, by living as a man,
Redeemed a fault, and made repentance pure.
Though shadows long now sleep upon his grave,
And years tell out their courses with a sigh,
For what comes never more! a cherished ray,
Speaks the sweet language he has left behind,
And points out virtue for us all to love.

MY HOME.

My home is a cot with a thatch covered roof
Which the ivy endeavours to kiss,
As it climbs the white walls with the woodbine and rose,
And shelters the sparrows in bliss.
And the blue smoke that twirls from the red chimneys high,
Through the crown of huge oak trees appear;
Where roost the shrill peacock, the turkey, the hen,
And heralds the morn-chanticleer,
And a garden well stocked with the choicest of flowers,
Half surrounds it in cherished display;
And sweet there to toil, when the genial air teems
With the perfume they scatter all day.

And how soft are the suns earliest trembling beams,
 Which the birds herald in with their song ;
 Light springs to the eye, and a joy to the heart,
 As the moments of life float along.

And then there are waters that silently sleep
 Where the stars seem to linger in love ;
 And the green gorgeous woods that stretch deeply away
 Are the homes of the pigeon and dove.
 And the nightingale sweetens its soul-treasured song
 On the soft midnight breath of deep rest ;
 While thousands of flowers teeming fragrance around,
 By the glow-worm are sought and carest.

'Tis a sweet rural scene,—yet in grandeur displayed,—
 The stout oak and elm towering high,
 And the sleek lazy deer, 'neath their shades, dosing day
 After day, with the fawns playing by.
 Ah ! what is more English substantial and rare
 Than a fine timbered park with its deer,—
 There's richness and pride in the turf that you tread,
 And there's greatness around everywhere,

I've a father and mother to love and revere
 For their honesty, kindness, and truth,—
 And sisters, and brothers, unpolished, yet true
 As the feelings that freshen our youth.
 The gipsy, and beggar, ne'er pleaded in vain;—
 In return they ne'er pillaged the yard,—
 Though roost there in throngs their esteemed dainty fare,
 With a scarcely closed door the sole guard.

Could I paint but the thrill that my home ever gives
 When in mem'ry I grasp its bright scene,—
 Could I revel through life with its breath on my lips,
 What pleasure so sweet and serene.
 But the fate that my footsteps first tempted away,
 Never more will resume the bright trace;
 And the beauties that blossom now lone in my breast,
 May wither and die to my face.

A HAPPY CHILD.



I knew a child, a happy child,
Of summers scarcely seven ;
Whose look and smile one loves to give
To angel sprites of heaven.

His locks were of a golden hue,
His brow was pure and bright ;
And, oh ! he was a lovely child
Of earth's most sunny light !

I saw him in the morning mist,
 As soft as its caress,
 So shadowy blending as it were
 In fairy beauteousness.

I saw him play beneath the shade
 Of forest trees at noon ;
 While sweetly round the nightingale
 Poured forth its lonely tune.

I saw him gather flowers at eve,
 With their dewy pearls so bright ;
 And he wove a garland for his hair
 To deck it in the night.

I saw him bend his trembling knee
 By the couch on which he slept ;
 And the prayer that murmured on his tongue
 A fervent cadence kept.

A tear of pleasure gem'd his cheek—
 A smile of love his eye,—
 His little hands were fondly clasped,
 And his soul was fixed on high.

And soon he slept, that happy child,
The sleep that had no dream
Of worldly passions dark and strange,
To shadow life's sweet beam.

He slept the peaceful sleep of youth,
With its world of tranquil bliss ;
And methinks I now behold that child,
And his smile of heavenlyness.



A GLIMPSE OF THE GOLDEN AGE.*



The star of Love shines clear and bright,
And fiery Mars has sunk to rest;
Love rules alone, and all delight
Is in his fondling arms carest.

The age of Strife and War is o'er,—
By Peace dark fiends are overcome;
And genial smiles shall evermore
On loving faces find a home.

These beautiful lines were written by Miss E. E. L., of Winter. I feel much pleasure in being allowed to insert them here.

W. M.

A heaven of joys is on the earth,
 Now Love reigns everywhere supreme;
 No discord wild, but gentle mirth
 Is heard where flows the silv'ry stream.

Around, the mountain's snowy brow
 Glitters in the sunlight sheen;
 And groves of myrtle waving show
 Their fragrant beauties ever green.

And valleys wrapt in peaceful shade,
 Invite the loving hearts to rest;
 By tranquil sweetness charming made,
 And by affection richly blest.

Love holds in joy his sov'reign sway,
 All thorns and thistles cease to spring;
 December is as bright as May,
 And sparrows sweet as linnets sing!

The Lion is no longer fierce,
 The spider preys not on the fly,
 The hornets sting hath ceased to pierce,—
 All dwell in peaceful unity.

Oh! glorious age of checkless love,
Rich in the beams of cloudless sun;
By every thrilling transport wove,
How rise thy beauties one by one,

And bright for ever, to the mind,—
Where never beats a saddened heart;
Oh! let my dream a waking find,
Where life like this will form a part!



COME TO ME BEAUTIFUL.



Come to me beautiful,
Come to me bright,
The heart of the lonely
Is lonely to night !
Night shades are robbing
The clouds of their gold ;
Falling chill vapours
The earth to enfold ;
Stars peep all dimly
From out their cold sphere ;
Sadness is creeping
Too painfully here !

Come to me beautiful,
 Lovely and bright ;
 The heart of the lonely,—
 Is lonely to night !

Come to me beautiful,
 Why art thou gone ?
 Soft eyes in memory
 Steal back to thy own !
 Solitude languishing
 Chills the sad heart ;
 Tears without falling
 To listless eyes start ;
 Swells the prized fondness
 Of unbroken years,
 Over the bosom
 That trembles and fears ;
 Come to me beautiful
 Like a pure sprite ;
 The heart of the lonely,—
 Is lonely to night !

Come to me beautiful,
 Gliding and still;
Like the soft tone
 Of the music 'rapt rill!
Old thoughts are changing
 The spell on the mind;
None but the absent one
 Feels them so kind!
Tender and lovingly
 Steal to my breast;
Love's ever yearning
 To love thee at rest.
Come to me beautiful,
 Soft as a spell;
I've loved thee,—but never
 Half loved thee so well!

COME I IN SORROW.



Come I in sorrow
 To mourn o'er thy woe,—
Come I in anguish
 To mark thy tears flow ;
Come I the wailer
 Of hopes, false and gone,—
To weep their sad memory
 And share them alone !
Ever, oh ! ever
 Shall torture my face,
The pain of my weakness—
 My hour of disgrace ;

I left thee confiding
 In love's faithful store,—
 But love hardly blighted
 Will never bloom more !

Come I the drooping,
 Heart bursting and sad,—
 Heed not my sorrow,
 Thou greater hast had !
 Why, oh ! my loved one
 Should grief be delayed,—
 I wept at the parting,
 That saw my love fade !
 Speak not so kindly—
 Why should thy tears flow ?
 I'll search in thy bosom
 And kiss out its woe !
 Crush me with coldness,
 And spurn me with sneers.—
 I shall die to be fondled
 In kindness and tears !

“Forgive me,—forgive me!”

Oh! say it once more!

Never such happiness

Has mortal e'er bore!

I—— I—— but I cannot—

Oh! breathe in my heart,

The sweetness that fills thine—

That never will part!

I'll lay my head dearest

All worn on thy breast,

And smile back thy smile

The forgiven—and blest!

I came to thee broken

In spirit—and pain;

And love rudely blighted

Shall bloom sweet again!

THE DYING SISTER.



Oh! lay my head upon thy breast,
Thy hand upon my brow,
For there I only feel the rest
A broken heart can know!

Speak softly with thy gentle tongue,
And let its words be sweet;
For every throe that is unstrung
Thy language can but meet!

I have no grief to speak of now,—
You've read it in my eyes,—
Their light once beamed a lover's glow—
Alas ! how soon it dies !

This heart was once a mine of joy,
So gladdening every tone—
But one o'erthrew its yielding mirth
To droop and waste alone.

No more my sister,—nay—tis past !
Forgive him,—as I feel,
This sorrow was my first—the last
My heart may now reveal.

You love me—by that love I know,
How sad you think to die,
Thus early in th' expanding glow
Of life's young revelry.

But I have had my age—a world
Of thoughts, love, hopes, and fears,
In one short dream,—I woke to feel
A life without its years.

I feel my spirit wandering now
In beauty's soft increase,
Thro' realms my love dream pointed out,
But could not gain their peace.

And o'er my heart a silence reigns,
Unearthly sweet and still,—
Unmurmering seem life's trembling depths—
How calm my bosom's thrill!

Farewell my sister!—on thy lips
Let my last kiss be given ;
That from my soul you may receive
Its earthly faith in heaven.



SEVERED AFFECTION.



Love is a dream that fondly clings
To fancy's sweet and gentle wings,
Caressing and adoring ;

Break it, and it flies

Away to meaner skies,

Where never sunbeam more thro' its dark clouds is pouring

Then comes the mystery

Of every broken tie,

And sad awaking from an age of bliss ;

Stealing the precious hours,

And fairest blushing flowers,

From the gem'd path that led to wretchedness!

Why should in woe
Love's feverish accents flow,
Awake ;
When in its dream it has no dark repining ;
But bathes its eyes
In soft replies,
And smiles out faith on its prized heart reclining.
Oh ! take
This rankling mystery from my tear-burnt eyes,
And let me see why severed fondness dies!

ADA'S LAMENT.

Oh ! why was love thus echo'd in thee,

Alas ! to form

The hopes,—which being centered in thee,

Must now be torn ;

While grief is probing at my heart,

And never will relinquish part.

How cruel is the breast I clasp'd

In hopefulness ;

And cruel is the hand I grasp'd,

To doom to this ;

He cannot know what 'tis to pine,

And feel such wretchedness as mine.

Oh ! how sad this life of mourning
And gloomy woe ;
Past happiness is ever scorning,
Now I am low ;
And slowly, surely I am straying,
Where death alone is undecaying !

If I could once more behold him
What would I give ;
And whispering fondly to have told him
I could not live ;
And on the cheek I love so well
Breath out in kisses, life's farewell !

But no ! that hope has now departed,
And all is sadness ;
And I am lone and broken-hearted,
Where once was gladness ;
And like a wounded dove, must fly
Away to bleed,—to pine,—and die !

THE EMIGRANTS FAREWELL.



Farewell! farewell, the anchor's up, our watery course we
steer

Through fathoms deep, where finny tribes in multitudes
appear ;

The anchor's up, and cheerily the ship bounds on her way,
But lonesome are the hearts we left behind in yonder bay;
How sad yon trembling maiden stands upon the quiet shore,
And tears are coursing down the cheek I perhaps shall see
no more!

Farewell ! farewell, ye sunny hills, and trickling rills so bright,
Which oft have soothed my heated brow with coolness and
delight ;

Where I have wandered light and free so many hours away,
With laughing eyes and buoyant hearts to aid departing day;

Farewell! the vision's overcast,—dark seas around me roar,
 And all who smiled so brightly there I perhaps shall see no
 more !

Farewell! farewell, my homely cot, which stands in woody
 plain,
 The thatch which oft has sheltered me, may ne'er do so again
 The ivy will unheeded twine among the ruins old,
 And goblin tales to other ears must now, alas! be told;
 The midnight owl may shriek and cry, and o'er the dark
 woods soar,

But goblin tale and nightly owl will fright this heart no more.

Farewell! farewell, the anchors up, the land's no longer
 seen,—

And months from death a single plank alone will close the
 scene;

But hope, sweet hope, will bear me up and guide me on my
 way,—

As beams the star that ever smiles on manhood's darkest day.
 Farewell! but not for ever thus—the God above will spare,
 And if we meet not here again oh! pray that we meet there.

GENERAL FRIENDSHIP,



What such friendship but a name,
Ever varying, ever flying;
Tinging manly cheeks with shame,
Honest poverty denying;
Gilded round with easy chain,
Broken only but to pain.

See that man alone and sad,
By a tree in thought reclining;
But two months ago he had
Friends, and at his table dining;
Now his coat and shoes are worn,
All he honored pass in scorn.

Why is this ? but I have felt it,
And have seen the sly look prying
O'er my costume, 'ere the words
Were slowly to my own replying ;
Doubtless men are truly wise
First to satisfy their eyes !

Immortal friendship ! born of gold,
Sacrificed to selfish nature ;
Let my heart be dead and cold
'Ere I ape thy cringing stature !
'Ere in scorn the art I learn,
On poorer friends my back to turn.







